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PUBLISHED BY ORDER

OF THE

LOYAL ASSOCIATION

OF THE

HUNDREDS OF

HOXNE AND HARTSMERE.

RULE BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,

Arose from out the azure main,

This was the charter of the land,

And guardian angels sung this strain,

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,

Britons never will be slaves.

II.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.



Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

IV.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
To work their woe and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

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V.

To thee belong the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

VI.

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair;
Blest isle with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

IPSWICH:

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W. M. M. M. M.
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